O how I loue thee! how I dote on thee!

Enter Robin goodfellow.

Ob. Welcome good *Robin*: ſeeſt thou this ſweet ſight?
Her dotage now I do begin to pitty.
For meeting her of late behinde the wood,
Seeking ſweete ſauors for this hatefull foole,
I did vpbraid her, and fall out with her.
For ſhe his hairy temples then had rounded,
With coronet of freſh and fragrant flowers.
And that ſame dew which ſomtime on the buds,
VVas wont to ſwell like round & orient pearles;
Stood now within the pretty flouriets eies,
Like teares that did their owne diſgrace bewaile.
When I had at my pleaſure taunted her,
And ſhe in milde tearmes begd my patience,
I then did aske of her, her changeling childe,
Which ſtraight ſhe gaue me, and her Fairy ſent
To beare him to my Bower in Fairy Land.
And now I haue the boy, I will vndoe
This hatefull imperfection of her eies.
And gentle *Pucke*, take this transformed ſcalpe,
From off the head of this *Athenian* ſwaine;
That he awaking when the other do,
May all to *Athens* backe againe repaire,
And thinke no more of this nights accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dreame.
But firſt I will releaſe the Fairy Queene.

Be as thou waſt wont to be;
See as thou waſt wont to ſee.
Dians bud, or Cupids flower,
Hath ſuch force and bleſſed power.

Now my *Titania* wake you, my ſweete Queene.

Tita. My *Oberon*, what viſions haue I ſeene!
Me-thought I was enamored of an Aſſe.

Ob. There lies your loue.

Tita.

Tita. How came theſe things to paſſe?
Oh, how mine eies doth loathe this viſage now!

Ob. Silence a while. *Robin* take of this head;
Titania, muſicke call, and ſtrike more dead
Then common ſleepe; of all theſe, fine the ſenſe.

Tita. Muſicke, ho muſicke, ſuch as charmeth ſleepe.

Rob. When thou wak'ſt, with thine owne fooles eies peep.

Ob. Sound muſick; come my Queen, take hands with me
And rocke the ground whereon theſe ſleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity,
And will to morrow midnight, ſolemnly
Dance in Duke *Theſeus* houſe triumphantly,
And bleſſe it to all faire poſterity.
There ſhall the paires of faithfull Louers be
VVedded, with *Theſeus*, all in iollity.

Rob. Fairy King, attend and marke,
I do heare the morning Larke.

Ob. Then my Queene in ſilence ſad,
Trip we after the nights ſhade;
VVe the Globe can compaſſe ſoone,
Swifter then the wandring Moone.

Tita. Come my Lord, and in our flight.
Tell me how it came this night,
That I ſleeping heere was found,
VVith theſe mortals on the ground. *Exeunt.*

Enter Theſeus and all his traine. *Winde hornes.*

Theſ. Goe one of you, finde out the Forreſter,
For now our obſeruation is perform'd;
And ſince we haue the vaward of the day,
My Loue ſhall heare the muſicke of my hounds.
Vncouple in the VVeſterne valley, let them go;
Diſpatch I ſay, and finde the Forreſter.
VVe will faire Queene, vp to the Mountaines top,
And marke the muſicall confuſion
Of hounds and eccho in coniunction.

Hippo.